

MARVEL

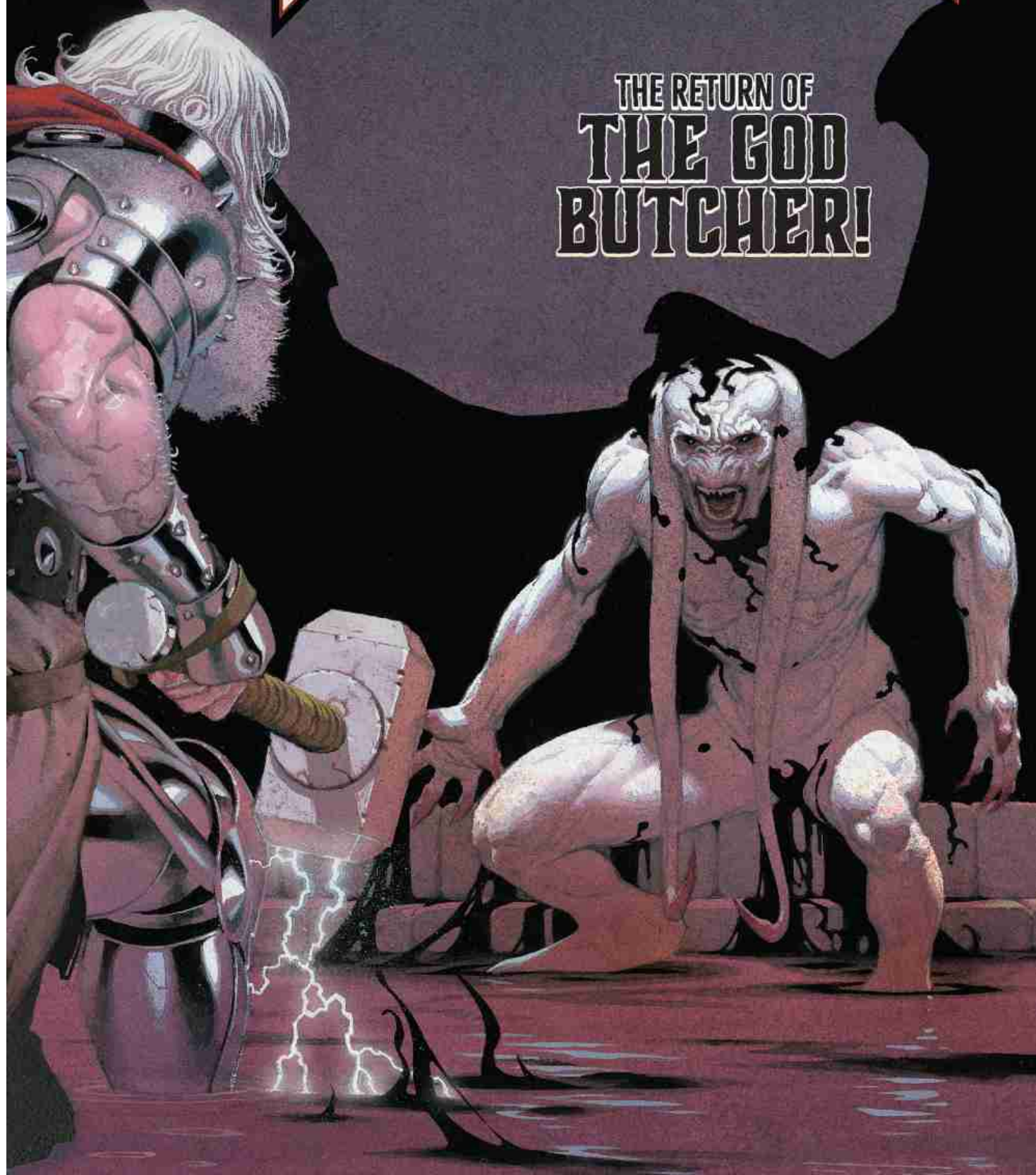
3

LGY#725

AARON
RIBIĆ
DAS PASTORAS
SVORCINA

KING THOR

THE RETURN OF
**THE GOD
BUTCHER!**



KING THOR



THE GIRLS OF THUNDER

THE SISTERS FRIGG, ELLISIV AND ATLI ARE ON A DESPERATE QUEST TO FIND OTHER GODS TO HELP SAVE THE DYING UNIVERSE. AND A BOOK CALLED "THE SAGA OF THE GOD BUTCHER" HAS LED THEM TO A MYSTERIOUS AND SEEMINGLY DESOLATE PLANET.



KING THOR

MEANWHILE, THE GIRLS' GRANDFATHER IS IN THE FIGHT OF HIS VERY LONG LIFE. EONS AGO, HE FACED AN ENEMY NAMED GORR, WIELDER OF AN ANCIENT FORCE CALLED THE ALL-BLACK. AFTER GORR'S DEATH, THE ALL-BLACK SPENT EONS HIDING OUT, BUT THEN IT FOUND A NEW HOST: THOR'S BROTHER LOKI.



LOKI

IN A BRUTAL FIGHT WITH THOR, WHICH SAW THE LOSS OF MIDGARD'S SUN, THE NECRO-EMPOWERED LOKI DECLARED HIS INTENT TO END THE UNIVERSE—INCLUDING NOT ONLY HIS BROTHER, BUT ALSO HIMSELF. WHICH IS WHY HE RESURRECTED THE ONE ENEMY WHO COULD END ALL GODS...



GORR, THE GOD OF GOD BUTCHERS

AND SO NOW GORR HAS ANOTHER CHANCE TO FINISH THE JOB HE STARTED MILLENNIA AGO. AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME HE WILL SUCCEED. HE'S BLINDED LOKI AND WOUNDED THOR. AND NOW THE LAST TWO GODS ARE DROWNING IN HIS NECRO-SEA.

CHAPTER THREE: "A STORM OF PRAYERS"

JASON AARON
writer

ESAD RIBIĆ
artist and cover

IVE SVORCINA
color artist

DAS PASTORAS
art & color, pgs. 5-9

VC's JOE SABINO
letterer

JAY BOWEN
logo

SARAH BRUNSTAD
associate editor

WIL MOSS
editor

C.B. CEBULSKI
editor in chief

JOE QUESADA
chief creative officer

DAN BUCKLEY
president

ALAN FINE
executive producer

THOR created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

IN THE END, THERE IS DARKNESS.

A ROILING, LIVING OCEAN
OF IT THAT MOVES UPON
THE FACE OF THE DEEP,
ENGULFING ALL THAT IS.

INCLUDING
GOD.

BUT THEN
GOD SAYS...

LET THERE
BE THUNDER.

K
R
U
U
U
U

AND THERE IS
THUNDER. A
RAGING STORM
OF IT.

~GASP~
HRRRGH!

LOKI!
BROTHER,
DO YOU
LIVE?!

LOKI!

BUT NOT
ENOUGH.

YOU
GODS, SO
IRRITATING
EVEN WHEN
YOU'RE
DYING.

FOR WHAT IS A
STORM AGAINST
AN OCEAN?

EVEN A GOD STORM.
THE ALL-STORM.

OH KING OF
SQUALLS, THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH THUNDER
IN ALL YOUR OLD VEINS
TO PART THE WATERS OF
AN ENTIRE NECRO-
OCEAN.

MY BLESSED
BLACK OCEAN
OF JUSTICE.

RUMBLE

A STORM THAT
SOMEHOW...IS
STILL GROWING.

RUMBLE

GLGG!

PLEASE,
THOR. TRY DYING
WITH SOME QUIET
DIGNITY.

NOT...MY
THUNDER!

HE'S
RIGHT.



IT'S OURS.

YOU REMEMBER THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER, DON'T YOU, GORR?

DEATH MOUTH, GO! FIND FARFAR!

LIGHTNING. ALL THE LIGHTNING LEFT IN THE HEAVENS WILL NOT SAVE THE BLOODLINE OF THOR.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. THOUGH WE ALSO BROUGHT MORE THAN JUST A STORM. GOD BUTCHER.

WE SURE AS HEL REMEMBER YOU.

GAAARRGH

KRAKA THOOOM

NO... THAT'S... NOT POSSIBLE.

OH, IT IS.

Turns out you're as terrible at your job as you are ugly.



WE THOUGHT THIS UNIVERSE WAS COMPLETELY DEAD AND LIFELESS... BUT IT TURNS OUT...

...GODS FIND A WAY.

"AND WE FOUND THEM."

EARLIER.

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



THE PLANET INDIGARR--
THOUGH LONG AGO,
THE PEOPLE HERE
TOOK TO CALLING IT
BY ANOTHER NAME.
GRINDIRC.

DOESN'T
SEEM TO FIT.
THIS ENTIRE WORLD
LOOKS TO BE A
GARDEN. ALBEIT
A BROWN ONE.

IT WASN'T
ALWAYS THAT
WAY.

ACCORDING
TO SHADRAK'S
BOOK, IT WAS
ONCE A DESERT. A
WORLD THAT NEVER
KNEW RAIN. WHERE
EVERYTHING WAS
DYING, INCLUDING
THE PEOPLE.

A WORLD
WITHOUT HOPE.
WITHOUT
GODS.

ITS ANCIENT
SKY LORDS HAD
BEEN SLAUGHTERED
IN SECRET BY THE
GOD BUTCHER.

BUT THEN
SOMETHING
HAPPENED THAT
CHANGED
EVERYTHING.

A YOUNG
GIRL PRAYED.

AND HER
PRAYER WAS
ANSWERED.

BY
THE MIGHTY
THOR.

"THOR BROUGHT
THE RAIN.

"THOR BROUGHT
HOPE.

"AND ONCE GORR WAS
DEFEATED, THE GOD
OF THUNDER BROUGHT
SOMETHING EVEN
MORE MAGICAL.



"THOR BROUGHT
GODS TO
INDIGARR."*

*SEE THOR: GOD OF
THUNDER--GODBOMB.

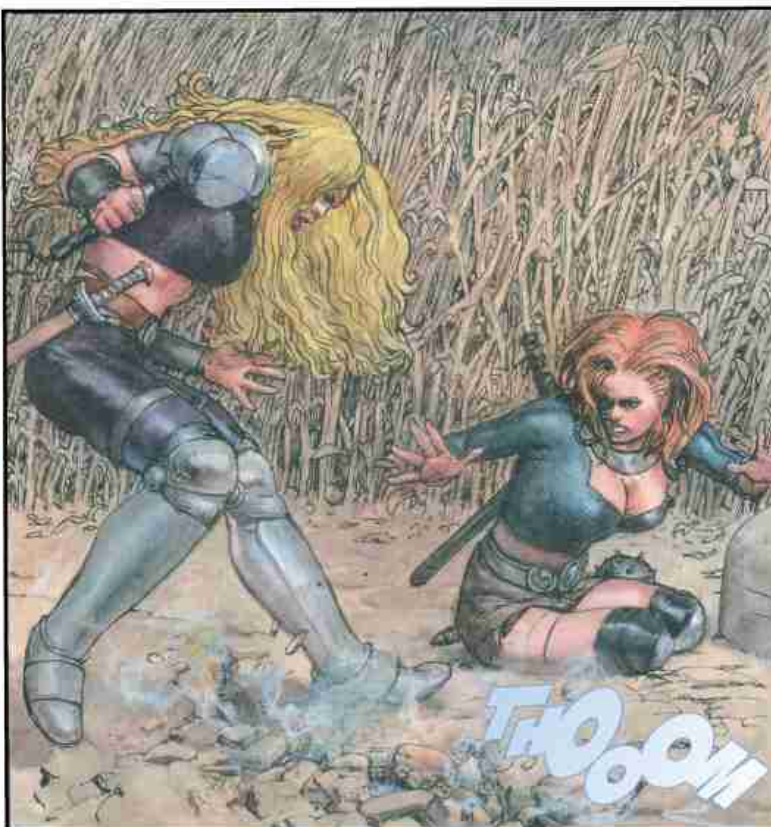
GODS WHO
SAVED THIS
WORLD.

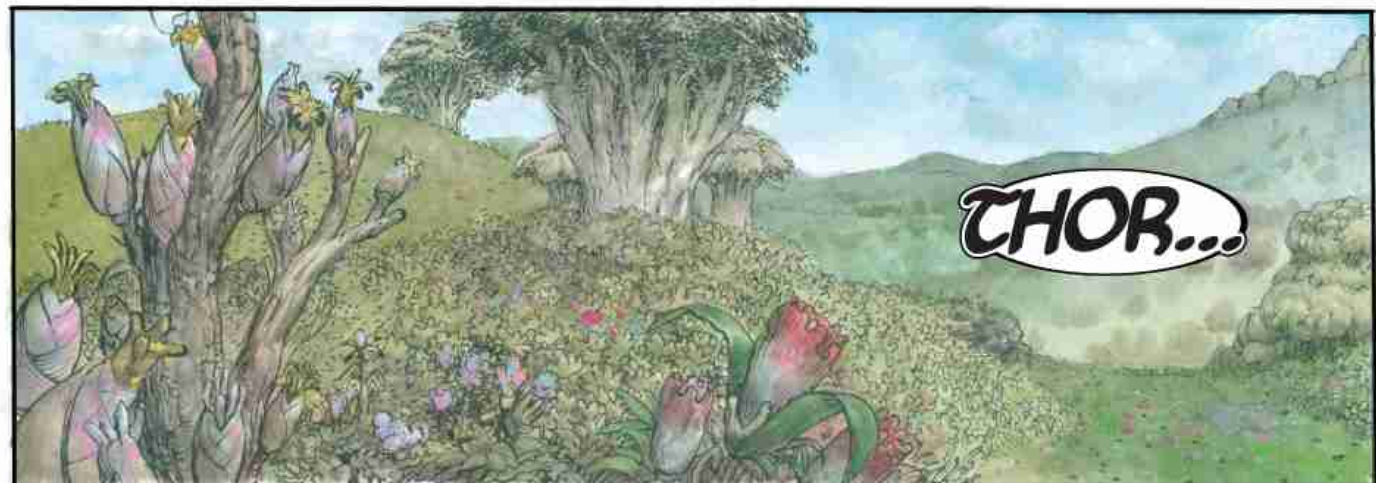
YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT
THOR THE AVENGER.
BEFORE HE EVEN
BECAME ALL-
FATHER.

THAT WAS
EONS AGO.
ELLI. THE AGE OF
THE GODS HAS
LONG SINCE
ENDED.

WE'RE
WHAT'S LEFT. AND
WE'RE WASTING
OUR TIME.









BEHOLD,
THE SKY LORDS
OF INDIGARR.

THE
MEAT MOTHER.
THE GODDESS
OF GRISTLE.

OUR LADY
OF COMETS.
THE GODDESS
OF STAR
ARCHERY.

THE CHOIR.
THE MANY WHO
ARE ONE. THE
GOD OF
PSALMS.

THE
PRINCE OF
SOOT. MASTER
OF DIRT.

AND I AM
THE LORD OF
ROOTS AND
GOD OF
THORNS.

BEHOLD
THE GODS OF
ANSWERED
PRAYERS.

BEHOLD...
THE TRUE
LEGACY OF
GORR.

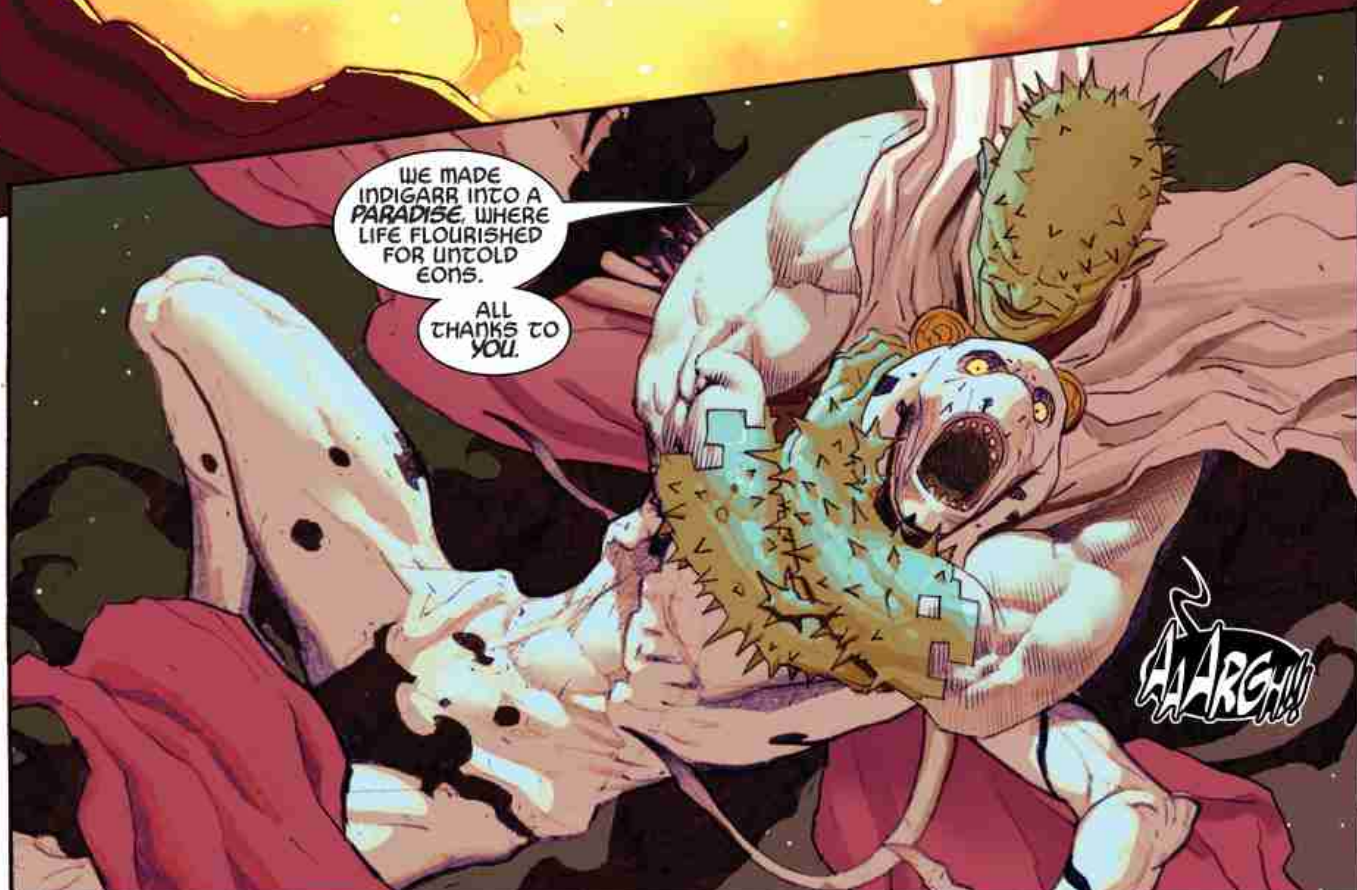






THOR
BROUGHT US
TO INDIGARR, A
WORLD WITHOUT
GODS.

HHRRGH



WE MADE
INDIGARR INTO A
PARADISE, WHERE
LIFE FLOURISHED
FOR UNTOLD
EONS.

ALL
THANKS TO
YOU.

AAARGH!!



CHOIR,
LET US SING
THE PRAISES
OF GORR.

OF
GORR THE
REDEEMER.

GORR
THE SAVIOR
OF GODS.



GORRRRRRRR!!!

AAAAARGH!!



YOU LOT
ARE TOO LITTLE
AND FAR TOO LATE!
THIS TIME I'LL FINISH
WHAT I STARTED!
THIS TIME, NO GOD
GETS OUT A--

KEEP
DREAMING, GORR.
LAST TIME YOU
COULDN'T END THE
GODS WITH THE
GREATEST BOMB
EVER BUILT.

AND THIS
TIME YOU'RE
ALL OUT OF
BOMBS.

BUT
WE'VE GOT
ONE!

AARRRRGH!



AND HER
NAME IS ATLI
WODENDOTTIR!



BOOM!



AND THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU STAY DEAD.

I'LL HURL THIS UGLY HEAD INTO THE BRIGHTEST STAR I CAN FIND.

AND THEN HURL THAT STAR INTO ANOTHER STAR.



FIRST WE'VE GOT TO FIND GRANDFATHER.

SISTERS...

HE'S STILL SOMEWHERE IN THAT OCEAN OF BLACKNESS. GODS, IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALMOST BIGGER NOW THAN--

SISTERS!



WHERE DID THE STARS GO?



INTO ME!

SHUNK

GAAAGH!!!



I HAVE NO MORE NEED OF FLESH.

THE NECROSWORD IS MY BODY NOW.

AND MY BODY HAS BEEN BUSY FEEDING.

FEEDING LIKE A MAGGOT ON THE DEAD TISSUE OF THIS ROTTING UNIVERSE. FEEDING RAVENOUSLY...AND GROWING.

I AM ALL AROUND YOU NOW, LAST LITTLE GODS. I AM...ALL.

THIS TIME, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FROM GORR. NOW BEGINS THE AGE OF **ALL-BLACK**.

SLASH



NOT WHILE ALL-FATHER THOR YET LIVES!

FARFAR!

GIRLS, SUMMON ALL THE LIGHTNING YOU CAN MUSTER! ALL THE THUNDER THAT CAN STILL BE THUNDERED! WE MUST HOLD BACK THE DARKNESS!

AND FIND YOUR **UNCLE** BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU HEAR ME?!



"SAVE LOKI!"

BROTHER, I MUST SAY... YOU SMELL EVEN MORE LIKE A GOAT THAN USUAL.

THERE HE IS!



TOOTHGNASHER SAVED HIM.

GOOD, THAT MEANS WE DON'T HAVE TO.

HELLO, DEAR NIECES. YOU'RE NOT STILL ANGRY ABOUT ME TRYING TO MURDER YOU WITH BIRDS, ARE YOU? BECAUSE THAT'S RATHER SOMETHING OF A FAMILY TRADI--

STILL YOUR TONGUE, LOKI. GRANDFATHER WANTS YOU ALIVE FOR SOME REASON. AND SO YOU ARE--



--BUT WE CARE NOT IF YOU STAY THAT WAY.

HMPH. THERE'S HARDLY ANYTHING LEFT OF HIM WORTH CHOPPING UP!

THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS INFECTED, LOKI. THIS IS THE END, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. AND NOW WE'VE ALL GOT TO FINISH OUR OWN SAGAS.



HEH. SMART GIRL. EVERYONE DOES ENJOY A GOOD ENDING. EVEN IF IT'S THEIR OWN.

I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED MINE WITH A FAIR AMOUNT OF TEARS AND BLOODSHED. WHAT ABOUT YOU, TOOTHGNASHER?



FEEL LIKE TELLING ONE LAST STORY?



ODIN'S DUSTY
BEARD...

ROSE FATHER?
MEAT MOTHER?
THE GODS OF
INDIGARR...
HOW?

THOR OF
ASGARD. YOU'RE
NOT THE ONLY OLD
GOD WHO STILL HAS
A BIT OF WARM SAP
DRIPPING THROUGH
THEIR BRANCHES.

WE'VE
BEEN SLEEPING.
SOUNDLY AS
SOOT.

BUT
DREAMING
OF THIS!
RRRGH!

THANK THE
DEAD NORN.
YOU'VE SAVED
ME. THAT LITTLE
ONE'S PRAYER
MAY HAVE
SAVED US
ALL.

WE FIGHT
FOR THE FATE
OF ALL EXISTENCE,
MY FRIENDS! WE'VE
CALLED OURSELVES
GODS FOR A
BILLION EONS!

TODAY WE
EITHER EARN
THAT TITLE!

OR DIE
ALONGSIDE
ALL THE
TOMORROWS!

HAAH!

THOR HAS WATCHED
THE UNIVERSE DYING
FOR MORE YEARS
THAN CAN BE
COUNTED.

HE'S SEEN PLANETS
GO FALLOW. STARS
GROW COLD.

WHY...IS
IT SO COLD?
SO DARK?



VAST SPACEWAYS
BECOME STILL AS
CLOGGED ARTERIES.

HE'S SEEN THIS
AND BEEN ABLE
TO DO NOTHING
TO STOP IT.

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO OUR
SKYSUN?

JUST KEEP
PRAYING.



NOTHING BUT RECREATE
LIFE ON MIDGARD. TOO
LITTLE. WHAT IS ONE
LITTLE GARDEN IN AN
OCEAN OF DECAY?

KEEP
PRAYING TO
THE ALL-KING.
THE KING OF
KINGS.

THOR
WILL SAVE
US.

HE
ALWAYS
HAS.



BUT NOW THOR WATCHES
THE UNIVERSE COME TO
LIFE AROUND HIM.

WITH WHIRLING SPACE-
TORNADOES OF LIVING,
BUTCHERING BLACKNESS.



WITH GOD-EATING
BERSERKER-MOONS.

WITH BLACK-FLAMED
COMETS OF RAGE
AND HATE.

WITH THE ALL-CONSUMING,
ALL-BLACKENED SPIRIT
OF GORR.

"I WANTED TO SAVE THE
WORLD," THOR THINKS. "TO
SAVE ALL THE WORLDS. TO
SAVE...SOMETHING, AT
LEAST. SOME SMALL
PIECE OF INFINITY.

"BUT NOW..."

BY THE
GODS OF ALL
THE AGES...

YES,
COME, LITTLE
KING!

"...NOW I HAVE TO KILL
IT." THINKS THE LAST
KING OF THE GODS.

"I HAVE TO
KILL IT ALL."

WELCOME
TO ALL-BLACK
THE NECRO-
VERSE!



 TO BE CONCLUDED.

NEXT: THE END.



From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

